

The blank book  
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### the final flame

in that uneven hour that separates life from death  
we reach back yearning for the past, longing  
to be among lost friends and dimmed memories.  
we scoff at our mistakes, and look back in  
envy at our triumphs, no matter how small,  
as our flame suddenly dies we grasp for  
the thin air that surrounds our minds.  
slowly we follow a shadow down a  
hard, windbeaten path, barefoot,  
alone, hungry, getting caught  
in a swamp of quicksand until  
we shrink into a silent, feeble,  
sound.

Ronald Ciras

## THE SILENT TOM TOMS

Farewell breachclothed, breast beating  
baboon interpreter  
the vines  
of time have swung past  
no longer do young  
elephants heed your savage  
call  
alligators bask in jungle sunlight  
while you swim  
they tire of wrestling the arthritic athlete  
scratches on a bald head  
from jungle thicket  
replace the wavy blond hair  
orangutans once envied  
Cheetah alone remains  
voiceless and toothless to  
frighten unsuspecting parrots  
with his tiger pantomime  
the tree house grows tired  
under 247 pounds of hero and his  
Alpo fed cat  
leave forever the memories  
of bygone glory  
and move into one of those new fangled  
luxury apartments  
half a mile down the road  
Welcome to suburbia  
you poor bastard

Michael Moore

Sunday touring

There are other things to consider.

The house was dying,

half apart a wall

gone glass and plaster

on the floor.

Not even pretty when it stood

breathing big and awkward with

gaudy light fixtures

and now not decently buried and

left alone.

I had been thinking of an open field,

the significance of brown

shaded over and over a

hundred different ways,

making a field rise and fall holding

a foot in motion.

There were buttons on the floor.

I don't think you saw them.

odd buttons in the plaster dust one large

red one, one

medium black, white,

assorted,

for shirts.

Someone spilled that button box

and left it in the corner

of a heaped down house.

Everyone is a suspect.

I am seeking a buttonless person,

woman child man.

I am searching hay fields for

open collars and round brown buttons

hastily sewn in my path.

### **Kwahu North of Oraibi**

The wind that blows along the hills  
And through the valleys from the west  
Gently lifts unfolded wings  
Of the eagle in flight.  
Upward, through sky-opening  
To land of happy kachinas.

Prayerful eyes turned upward  
Searching the top of sky  
With pahos held tensly  
Waiting for return of eagle.

Powerful brown of long wing feathers  
Melts into blackish brown  
Of body — body of strength  
The strength Kwatoko gives —  
With head of beauty, the soft white  
Blends with gentle brown  
In splendor of its duties.

Spirit of kwahu appears in sky  
And in radiance glides  
On the winds that reach  
To the top of sky  
And the eyes of his people  
Look to the ground,  
Sadly turned away.

**Blaise Baker**

### Big Cove — Raven Place

limbering willowy whisps  
jutting cracked mounds  
dark dotted milkgivers  
rippling pasture like ant burrows  
shined moon harvest  
plotted ghosts of graves  
hollows of red tanned clay  
wood rotted mansions, hayheld,  
tinned octagon silos  
swaying whittled lattices  
sunflower peckers darting over and through  
matted cornstalks  
winged spirited bounding long haired horses  
tagging, sloping, coasting  
slanting hillside church silhouettes  
evenly spaced formes surrounded by  
stilled model animals from a child's game  
plunking, twanged harmonica folklore  
cucumber greened ferns hiding  
gray arrowheads  
passage ways of owl, pheasant, red bird,  
wildcat, snowbird, black fox, crow,  
going bird, standing deer, walking stick,  
young squirrel, lone wolf.

patricia scarbeau

I walked down the tracks that night,  
just like I used to do, trying not  
to look back upon black shadows.  
Cold tin biting through hollowed shoes,  
The air rightly slapping me in the face  
and I'm singing the blues seeing images  
that I had known fade into the oblivion  
of winding bends and the cold night.  
I wondered to stop along the way  
searching for a shelter to keep the cold out.  
I wondered whether I could stop and stay.  
Is there no rest?  
or am I doomed to walking these tracks,  
looking for some place  
where they come to an end,  
waiting for some Great Train  
to send me sprawling  
into bottomless gutters of ash and smoke.  
But, the steel is long and offers no rest,  
and that tree, that long slender tree  
was so inviting.  
Beautiful limbs and overhanging branches  
smothered the creeping chill.  
I thought I might just lean back  
against her trunk for a spell,  
and then sleep in her hollow,  
Waking sometime tomorrow.

But when I woke, I found your shade  
all to friendly far from the beating sun.  
I was blinded by drooping arms,  
and I gently fingered through those  
lovely leaves which they held.  
For a time, I waited at the station,  
but the train never came.  
There were times, oh yes there were times  
when I wouldn't watch for that train,  
both eyes being borrowed by your wood,  
but you gave them back  
and the limbs were lifted.  
But I wanted to stay,  
I kept telling the limbs,  
I kept telling the leaves,  
I kept telling your wood . . . your wood!  
And I needed to stay,  
I kept telling myself.  
I tried to listen to faint whispers  
of wind seeping through the leaves.  
I went further than the leaf into the vein  
searching for something to believe.  
I could see your wood within the vein  
and the wood was soft  
but waiting for some traveler  
who would not feel its hardness.  
I ran down the path and to the tracks  
trying not to look back,  
but I looked at the logs which supported the track  
and I cried.

Jim Mercure

## School For Presidents

the public  
has a short mind.  
even the Official sins  
of officials go unrewarded.  
Claim anything with  
piety,  
keep your hands humble,  
and all misplaced and wellplanned murder  
is forgotten.  
Love your  
mother  
and all the burning babies  
drifting over your head become  
suns,  
little neon suns,  
make your voice glow with their energy,  
and words will drip like cool lava  
from your lips.  
Eat jello for breakfast  
(once a year)  
in tribute to starving millions.  
You are with them  
in heart.  
your necktie striped and tasteful  
will lighten  
and lengthen and swell  
around your grey body.  
a vast white robe of prophecy  
(but keep it brief, and inconcise. some starve,  
some don't, something like that.)  
Keep the faces  
of your children well-scrubbed.  
sons and daughters shining golden  
in reflected mediocrity.  
And  
smile.  
the asses you don't shoot off  
you can always give away.  
we all have friends.

Cecile Gleason

### The Manassa Mauler

The old man staggered across the street. Tonight only  
three had been enough. Stopping at the curb, he stared  
down the street: past the boarded schoolhouse he once at-  
tended, past the parking lot that had once been a theater,  
past the taunting teens — past all this and more he plod-  
ded wearing his same, indifferent expression. When he ar-  
rived home he went directly into the bedroom. There, amid  
the pin-ups of Dempsey and Langford, he fingered the tarn-  
ished medal. Suddenly he wheeled to face the shadow from  
the shadeless lamp. Two lefts, a hook, and he collapsed.  
And in his dreams he was young again.

R. L. Peloquin

I have travelled to distant countries  
hoping to find solitude  
I have counted sunrises  
in cloistered rooms  
I have pined for lost lovers  
until I grew weary  
I have been educated  
by those with no knowledge

I have listened to symphonies  
imposing my emotions upon Haydn  
I have worshipped the sun  
instead of God  
I have walked through cemeteries  
to become acquainted with death  
I have grown restless  
with the changing of the seasons

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I have praised Eliot  
for his style and integrity  
I have spilled my secrets  
upon deaf ears  
I have built strong towers  
to conceal myself in  
I have waited for peace  
and have died at its doorstep

I have portrayed with firmness  
the clown  
the poet  
the philosopher  
and have failed  
I have read rain  
fall upon city streets  
I have worked for perfection  
and have fallen short

I have gazed in storefront windows  
admiring the reflection  
I have carried picket signs  
because I had purpose  
I have read through midnight  
to find truth in fiction  
I have closed my eyes  
against the impending future

I have wallowed in depression  
to encounter pity  
I have rejoiced afternoons  
to succumb to evening's shadow  
I have concealed my body  
behind denim and jersey  
I have waited for spring's salvation  
in the dead of winter

I have worked in factories  
amid ignorance and filth  
I have been wasteful  
while others have starved  
I have seen sadness  
in the eyes of children  
and have wondered why  
I have covered my footprints  
with warm sea water

I have hungered for freedom  
from the politicians  
from the money makers  
from the family  
needing the chance to become  
what I dreamed I should be  
I have simplified my complexity  
and have lost my soul

I have done all this  
and have gone nowhere

**numbers**

when is a  
number a word?  
1 one me  
2 two us  
3 three them  
4 four a table  
impersonally  
four legs on a table

1 at 4  
alone

2 at 4  
together  
maybe candlelight

3 under 4  
watching 2  
2 left 1

1 at 4  
alone  
candle blown out  
3 steadily encroaching on 1  
yellow yes  
rise above 4  
burn bright holes  
in 1

oh, 2  
where the hell are you?

**Cecile Gleason**

### Poem to Maine – 100 Miles

As I travel to a distant place of infinity  
I am searching for my serenity.  
I must find myself among the strangers  
but what am I doing here?

Sometimes I think of life as a journey  
and having no place to go  
and nothing to seek.  
Maybe it is fortunate that life is this way.

My mind is so free and safe from one  
existence, but must cope with another.  
My other half is unveiled and reflects  
back to me.

David Torrey

**BEHIND A PAPER BLOODSTAIN**  
(to and of Peyton Johnson)

You are no springtime soldier  
to be wasted on the land,  
or to fall before flowers  
and receive medals or ever fade,  
There is no peace in this  
you too will die, like me,  
with a pen,  
Yours filled with paint and love,  
mine with quiet blood and balm;

If we ever were to compare  
our classic skills  
by the light,  
My parchment would dry and tear  
into pieces and a pile of dust,  
Your oils could sooth the muscles  
of a hero or the birthmarks  
of a king,  
The quills you hold contain the sky,  
your brush the tears of granite;

Contrast will never mend the  
ribbons I have to the trophies  
you forged of air,  
These things are but things forever,  
our works are gods for tomorrow,  
Touch the mountains with your eyes  
as my fingers tear away the stone,  
You have life in your palm.  
I have nothing but a pen;

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You continue to picture the world  
on element as unfeeling as mine,  
yet yours has no bleak barrier  
in brazen tongues or silent hands,  
There is no iron to clasp  
your works behind,  
though yours can die in flames,  
Paint until the fire consumes,  
until our hands are burned.

Mike Mikulics

**Evening**

Oh you wouldn't believe the untoned  
silence of the damp and glittering  
streets.  
An unlocked door presents a conversation,  
the animosity prevails.  
My conscience is the only voice I hear.  
My steps are like jackhammers plundering  
the earth.  
My fears went with the sun, my faith is  
restored with the dark.

**David Torrey**

### The Fiddler

He plays a sad song without  
ever knowing why.  
The minute the fiddler is  
conceived he is already being  
destroyed.  
His talents will never be explored.  
He, like the condemned man,  
knows his fate, but hopes  
against all hope that he be given a chance.  
Bravely he smiles while the  
abortionist executes his life.  
And he dies never feeling  
he has had a fair trial.

Rose Bartley

## INSIDE MY TEMPLE

I have taken all the poppies  
you laid before me and  
tied them to my wrist.

As the scent falls  
upon my fingers  
I will remove the quill  
from my skin and bind it  
to the petals and leaves.

Now I can write in pollen  
and red ink all my  
garden love and bliss.

I can close my fingers  
around the buds of  
drugged men  
hoping to scatter  
seeds to the surf.

I have tied your poppies  
to my wrist and have  
written of my love for you  
and my suicide to God.

## November

the snow is moving  
across the west now,  
plodding up the mountains  
and over the flat plain  
looking for shelter.  
It has always wintered in the east,  
with the stone hills and  
wool faces of New England.

Though it is early November  
still birds wait silently on black branches  
The herds have narrowed their eyes  
against the storm and listen  
to the measured breath of a farmer  
piling oak and pine  
against an unpainted shed.

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The hands of bright women  
wrinkle,  
in love with the cold.  
And the fires glow red and  
cows sleep heads down,  
softly rocking in anticipation.

Cecile Gleason

A blazing sun burns through  
the pink and blue sky  
The waves dancing in and crashing  
on the shore  
The wind gently blowing on the  
ripped sand dunes  
The seagulls gliding  
A perfect escape from the noise  
and the madness;  
Watching the dawn meet the  
silent night

carol lupisella

Spring lay on her back  
rolling warm  
fragrant bubbles down the hills  
of chimney tops,  
and casting marvelous shadows to  
draw the calloused sap to stir.  
It almost broke the evergreen's  
will when the moon rose pink  
above the sunset and the sap ran wild  
to greet it.

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Huge blocks relax  
together like fathers and daughters sleeping.  
Even Matisse could not color  
a figure so solid as Spring  
bursting her song on snow  
crusted round a black raven's wing.

Cecile Gleason

FURTHER PRAYERS TO FUJIJAMA  
(For Basho, Bu-san, and Mu-y-se.)

Eyelids over ponds,  
fluttered and sipping life's wine,  
age reflected age.

Red pennants above  
rivers seeped with purple robes  
wave for old China.

Your thighs existing  
as clouds against deep heaven,  
my pine touches rain.

California,  
Apollo of salvation,  
Olympus of sun.

Bird meditation  
flows down the open branches  
in summer delight.

Everything is dim  
behind the dying kite tails,  
a sparrow has died.

Poem in the sand  
lingers for the sea bottom,  
it is eternal.

Mike Mikulics

## Waltzing

yesterday  
when morning rang of pigeons,  
and a winter sun  
trudged like a beggar  
behind the hills and chimneys  
of our houses,  
roofs turned grey  
with their complexities  
of weighted snow,  
yet stared down gently  
as we made our way  
up frosted stairs  
past lighted doors and windows  
to the darkened chamber  
of another side,  
caught between the careful  
footprints of the pintoed cat  
crouched between the linens  
and the clothes left behind,  
to better learn the spectrum  
of your chords,  
colored, textured  
with those patterns of the soul  
that flicker in the dusklight  
while we lose our careful words  
between the flowing measures  
of a waltz,  
unmistaken.

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Robyn Marshall

## WELL OF THE WORLDS

You are strung between mountains,  
gently, as Colorado clouds or  
Appalachian mist,  
with all the creatures and people  
huddled by your hair and  
feeble flowers;

These little things are placid now,  
like pools, ponds to drop  
coins for luck,  
They cling to your hair for some  
Aegean warmth without smiling,  
they have nothing to lose;

They come for your water in the hills  
with copper buckets and  
silver pails,  
All the moisture is forever for them,  
the salt around you holds  
nothing for me;

For I have walked between mountains,  
beside the cool waters  
of the sun,  
Mountains are no prize at stake for me,  
as my trophies come from the  
well of the worlds;

Deep, bubbling, that cool spring  
of your mountain gurgles and  
fills the barren soil,  
Yes, the well of the worlds, untamed,  
waiting, wanting and  
willing ----- cool;

Yet this range is within sight of me,  
your salt and hair hold me  
more than hills,  
Still, those flowers you breathe into  
are not as enfeebled as  
good mountains;

You are strung slowly between mountains,  
your salt dissolved and  
dried to crust,  
Those flowers are forever feeble,  
my hands remain lattices  
to support them.

Mike Mikulics

## THE WOODS ARE LOVELY, DARK AND DEEP

Sun eliciting fragile beauty  
Enticing Anubian echoes in the mind  
Luring a shadow into the shrouded crystal beauty  
Through pathways of star studded snow  
In a forest of chandeliers.  
Undisturbed beauty  
But for the shadow left behind.

Sun shining ahead –  
Birches sprouting spectral buds  
Frozen peace  
Clothed in a blanket woven by shimmering light.  
Untouched beauty  
Now moved by the moan of life.

Age beneath years  
Cracking crystal limbs  
Fragmenting the chandeliers  
Leaving glistening splinters of light  
Scarring the celestial blanket of white  
Death seen through life.

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Behind – the woods are left by the sun  
Dimming the prism of light  
And refracting the sight,  
Naked black limbs stretching for a blue sky  
Breaching the unornamented lawn  
Touched only by remnants of down

Melting peace – pooling in tears  
Age crying for life-Death claiming its due.  
Pride and pathos in the bleakness  
Freezing life's shadow  
In the void between the worlds  
Two directions pulling – yearning and turning  
Death speaking of life – Life showing death.

Melting ice – dripping Persephone's tears,  
Kindling cold – forming Demeter's stream,  
Visual sounds – transfixing reality's dream.

Akualiona Burdulis

## PICASSO

He should live forever;  
that Altar Boy, much like  
his creator, in god-like fashion  
spans the darkness of eternity.

Masked and dancing through distortion  
the fire bound heart  
ignites angle, plane, sphere  
until mere boldness defies  
the vision of the child.

Strokes against a reality of the unreal  
blaze in didactic measure  
amid mutilated screams –  
frozen  
grey, black, white.

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Beyond the coldness of despair,  
through the purgatory of un-baptized Altar Boys,  
the voice of the hand proclaims:

"Yo, el Rey," giving birth  
to a rising star-  
lift my head to Eros, shouting  
I, the King  
I am chaos  
I am

Picasso

Richard Kasunick

### Ebb Tide

Her footprints have washed  
back into the sea  
Her concept of what sat on the horizon  
might be drawn to and swallowed  
into reality with age.

Young girls and old women  
sit by vacant shorelines  
holding their chins in their palms  
mesmerized by whatever goes on without  
them behind faraway clouds.

When I see posters  
of a lonely girl walking along a beach  
I wonder if she has found a low cloud  
to look behind.

John Mansfield

## NIGHT JOURNEY

Headless image  
lurking in a pool of memories  
we share degrees of  
despair, ambition,  
accomplishment.  
In your shadows lie  
attainment,  
in mine  
drippings of sanity.  
I waited for you;  
tell me now  
before the manacles binding us give way  
tell me —  
need I ask?  
You watched for me as I  
expected you.  
Our shadows, in communion, create  
a unity unexpected — a oneness  
divided only by my imaginings.  
In myself I see you  
as you see me  
without answers.

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Drifting  
a sea with my image  
tossed from wave to wave  
memory to memory  
'til somewhere  
between resolve and resolution  
I too fall  
asleep.

Richard Kasunick

Jane in Spain

Once I saw  
a picture of Spain  
in a National Geographic Magazine.  
The houses were white,  
the sun was white even  
the heat was white.  
Women moved down the streets  
like black pillars.

This is all  
I have seen of Spain.  
except for Guernica  
and the hills of toledo projected across  
a screen in appreciation of art.

But I have heard things.  
I have heard rumors of Spain,  
messages found in a black olive can and  
pressed underneath a flat hat's brim.  
I have heard  
a hundred men on the street  
waiting for litter to fall.  
I have heard peasants with straight and perfect  
teeth squiting wine around corners.  
I have heard  
American kids living for one American dollar  
a day in caves along the coast amusing  
themselves with an old woman's sweat.  
I have heard the Moors washed up on the  
beaches and Catholics with narrow backs and  
sad eyes.

**And the bulls.**

I have heard of bulls so beautiful  
sweeping down the streets behind small fragile men.  
Hurrying to the execution,  
do their faces show it? Do they ever  
sweat so profusely as the thin-legged matador?  
Do the bulls have time  
to say grace?

And I have heard Ernest Hemingway still sits  
in a corner drinking bitter wine  
with the aficionado.

And there are still guns from the  
Civil War buried in the dirt floor  
of a small farmhouse,  
and the children will never give the place.

31

These rumors have  
sought me out do not tell me  
if they are true.  
It is enough  
that they find me.  
One thing only, I ask.  
I have heard  
and is it true,  
Franco always always wears gloves.

Cecile Gleason

## PAY NOW – GO LATER

quicker than frightened deer feet  
scattering time raped leaves  
years melt into one another  
they no longer differ  
they no longer have meaning  
sweat, work  
work, sweat  
slaves to green paper  
stripped from once lush forests  
a lifetime spent for a balsam box  
with no roots  
no life  
only the timeless worms for companions  
in the womb to tomb march  
we must walk

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Michael Moore

## GREGORY

you can't imagine the dreams  
corny episodes  
tying your shoe so you don't fall  
wiping snot from your face before going to church  
scolding Jonathan for waking you  
putting fifty cents in the bank account Mom and I started for you. She  
said you had long black hair.  
you can't imagine

summer afternoons and Jonathan helping you ride a bike  
Mom's special purple and orange mittens, they'll fit 'till you're four  
Someday I'll show you the farm where I grew up  
or the three of us guys will camp out in Maine, if there's room.

Gregory James

Imagine

fishing four miles out in Uncle Bob's boat  
visiting your grandparents on the coast of Spain  
hunting in Washington with Uncle Lou  
horse riding in Texas with your cousins  
If you only could imagine  
your Mom, her baked apples and the way  
she stands when she mimicks Johathan  
putting her hands on her hips  
smiling when someone says something in Spanish  
how she cried when she fell, how I cried so  
no one would know  
you just can't imagine  
hot dogs cooked in tin foil  
snow higher than the car  
robins stretching worms  
the smell of orange leaves in a pile  
Johathan had black hair, but now its brown  
he has lots of fun  
in church  
the bathroom  
Mom's purse  
my pockets  
Imagine  
Serious  
solid plans  
driving slower now, kids are hurt worst  
we're all hurt

The doctor said, "we hoped to the last minute."  
He added, "you were perfectly formed."

## a discussion of music

I am here to discuss music .  
If there are some who do  
not want or need to hear my ideas,  
please leave at this point .  
I dislike boring myself and others at the  
same time . Shall I keep this for  
later? Whatever you say, John  
Cage scratched a nail on a brick  
for three minutes and thirty-four seconds.  
To him, it was music . What about you?  
A pianist quietly sits on his bench ,  
hardly breathing in the intense silence  
to create another form of music. I  
can't hear it !! Where is it? This  
also explains why I abhor twentieth  
century music . You are bored .  
Yet, as you rustle in your seats , you  
are making contemporary music . What  
has become of Beethoven? ?  
Someone is eating lunch in  
a restaurant in southern New Jersey  
. The lettuce is crispy while  
the tomatoes drip juice  
on the blue plate . Is this  
music ? Perhaps you should have  
left at the point . This  
is the end of the first part

Are you                  amused?                  How                  do you feel  
about Mozart                  ?                  Something                  should be  
                said                  about                  elements  
Music must contain                  rythmn                  harmony  
                melody                  form                  to be  
If this poem                  has rythmn                  , is it  
also a piece                  of music?                  as well as                  poetry  
                ?                  Would that                  be fair                  Musicians have  
a union                  to                  dispute it.                  We blink  
                at a given                  rate —                  do we have  
                music                  inside our eyes                  ?                  A trolley  
is running down                  a hill in                  San  
Francisco.                  I've never been                  to Illinois  
What do you                  say                  about                  35  
Bach                  ?                  It must                  be of great  
importance                  .                  A New Yorker                  would feel  
                revived                  in Illinois                  .                  The pace                  is  
slower.                  Music eases                  my frustration  
We must                  set aside                  our inhibitions  
Music must be                  a release                  !!  
Handel's choir                  shouts                  their  
approval of                  birth.                  Illinois                  must  
be music.                  Perhaps I should                  have kept  
                this                  for later                  .                  This is  
the end of                  the second                  part.

charlotte gareau

## SITTING

I sit here  
fumbling with my pen  
alone in a crowded room  
I am thinking about nothing  
I am thinking about something  
Nothing is something.

I am sitting here.  
getting tired of sitting  
getting tired of being alone  
getting tired of myself  
I am sitting.

I am loving the people  
beside me who don't know my name  
and could care less about me  
I am loving my name  
I am sitting here loving getting tired  
I am waiting for someone to fall in love with  
I am waiting to stop sitting.

I am a stranger to myself  
Because I am blind to myself  
That is why I am sitting  
Waiting for myself.  
I am sitting  
People who are sitting beside me  
are also sitting even if  
they don't know that  
I am sitting.

I am sitting  
There is a stillness in the air  
Where I am sitting  
I've got no reason to stand  
I look awkward when I smile  
I am the empty wall in every room  
So I am sitting

No one will notice me  
And I will notice no one  
Cause they are sitting too.

I am loving the world around me  
When I am sitting  
Cause the world around me is my chair  
Soft, blue, indifferent  
incapable of pain  
I can't stand pain  
It makes me look at myself  
So I am sitting  
The room is quiet where I am sitting

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I know no one here  
and neither does my chair  
So I am sitting

I am sitting  
I am sitting  
in my chair.

Ronald Ciras

I feel burdened by your presence  
It is like the heat of too much sun;  
my pores are clogged,  
the air hangs in the stale resemblance  
of yesterday  
when I was free  
from your preverted soul.  
It is a pentacost,  
a pilgrimage into the unknown wilderness  
which lies beyond my immediate  
token lands of feeling,  
and I journey daily, alone,  
aided by only my feelings  
and if they are tenderly received,  
but my feelings bounce off you today  
like echoes off a canyon wall  
resounding with only vibrations of a thought,  
thrown out to the empty wind.

Robyn Marshall

Future's spectre  
hovers ominously silent  
gloating in its knowledge  
and my ignorance  
pursed lip shadow  
hint to me of tomorrows to come  
that present may prepare  
an easier path to follow

39

Past has spoken of youth's  
inglorious trials  
of ideals gone awry  
on cultivated plains of maturity  
only you can fertilize what remains

Michael Moore

Neck stringed cats scream screeches absorbless in the red reeled  
bumper row white line curves.  
Vapor tongued steeled blue dogs ribbed stalk lifeless  
Blocks in the sink streets without stalks.  
Thread string oak leafs hang pasted to the revolveless sky pales.  
Hill shocks lay bared in the spread highways boundless.

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Green grass forzen paths crawl back still touches.  
Dark froze dawn blows night dust.  
Tree bares and salt mist marshes rush wild breathless frosts.  
Piper feet tracers run faces buried white sand.  
Spider webs and wildcats weave snowfields in the night.  
Spider webs and wildcats run frozen green passes in the night.

James Underwood

## Sandpipers

Moon night glistens green pine finger shafts.  
Wildcat spider webs weave snowfields in the night.

Thousands flashed mobbed spots blast silent hills stilled.  
Blank beads barbed white bleed black sky gauzeless.  
Halved drunk clown bloated stumbles over cold graves stone  
Back shackless kitchen hovel cold stove.  
Flat tone television flasks flash echoless room walled white in  
blank voice blinks,  
Cold crack plastic chairs still float touchless without bodied  
links.  
Squared table top sits stained empty cereal bowed and crumbless stale.  
Night stripped street eye beads sweatless hang hovered moon  
breathless.

Wafer candled faces run wind sand white.  
Silver cooled moon clouds ride ghost faces across the sky.  
Hair flows breathe candle flame tear drops into silent sounds.  
Ghost clouds drift all night embers to the wood skeleton wanies.  
Wind chills blow sand voices piper feet sand waves.

Crableg strings dry hollow to the wind swelled.  
Dead winds drop split cliffs blasted stone hollow slats.  
Ripped night bleeds naked to the scorch poled bulbs flat.

Framhouse hill rolls hill fields grass bone.  
Did you ever know a Susan black eye?  
Pass around the peas black eye yellow eyed.  
Moon ghost clouds drift all night hearth embers soundless.  
Susan black eyes sparkled star night bright snow times.

Black bats freeze bursts under sensor poled white night floodless.  
Stale air climbs to the closed window stops.  
Pale breathed moon shatters linger summer seed hay snow frozen  
flightless.

what if I ask forty questions?  
what if I stop right now?  
will that bring you reality?  
will that make reality obvious?  
what is reality?  
is what's obvious to me, obvious to you?  
is reality a number of sounds?  
does it communicate?  
is a car passing by reality?  
if I can see it, do I also have to hear it?  
if I don't hear, is it still reality?  
if while I see it but don't hear it, hear  
    something else instead, like a siren,  
        does the siren have more reality than the car?  
which has more truth?  
are people awake more real than people asleep?  
if the ones awake can't hear as well as the ones  
    asleep, does that change my question?  
is reality just reality or is it something else?  
do people create it?  
if I forget about people is reality still around me?  
is this the twentieth question?  
are there any more important questions to ask?  
and now, do I have none?  
do questions have reality?  
now that I've asked twenty-five questions can  
    I ask fifteen more?  
I can, but may I?  
is there any future in questions?  
is there any future in reality?  
is reality the future?  
do we have a future?  
have we got beauty?  
shall we go looking for it if we haven't got it?  
shall we find it living next door to reality?  
what else is there to ask?  
how long can this continue?  
must we question reality?  
how long can we live without it?  
can I ask three more questions?  
do you think this is the last question?  
do you think this is reality?













**editors:**

**James Underwood  
Charlotte Gareau**

